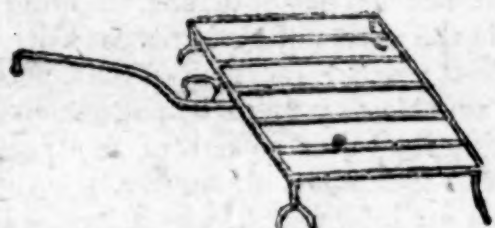


COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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COBBETT'S CORN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

Burn-Elm Farm, 1st January, 1829.

Sir,

I see you advertising in your paper New Year's Gifts of various kinds; and I do myself the honour to present you with one. It is a bunch of ears of my Corn, which was gathered on *Christmas-day* from plants standing in my grounds at Kensington. I before related that I planted some corn in those grounds in the first week of June; and, in order to give a proof of the power which this grain possesses of resisting rain, winds, frost, and fog, I expressed my intention to let my corn at Kensington stand ungathered until Christmas-day. In the morning of that day I gathered about fifty ears myself, five of which I now send to you, and beg your acceptance of them.

This experiment proves that *wet harvests*, so destructive to wheat and other grain, never can be injurious to this crop. It shows also, that the crop may be got in, by very slow degrees, that the harvesting may at any time be laid aside, in order to give time for the performance of other more pressing work. You had the goodness to give circulation to a statement of mine, asserting that I had seen lazy fellows in America gathering their corn when the snow was upon the ground; and I have now proved that we, if *we* were lazy (which God forbid we should be) might do the same here, without being punished with starvation for our laziness.

I by no means pretend to say, however, that the crop receives *no injury at all* from this extreme delay and negligence; for some of the lower ears will, from the yielding of the foot-stalk,

really drop down upon the ground; and then the mice and rats, and birds maul it a good deal; and, indeed, in case of great length of drippy or foggy weather, the ears thus resting upon the ground will begin to grow; for, you will observe, that besides the greater moisture of our climate to that of America, the ears of the American Corn stand three or four feet from the ground, and have a much shorter and stronger foot-stalk. Therefore, I by no means recommend negligence that would put off the gathering of the corn till Christmas; but I have made this experiment to show how safe a crop this is with regard to the weather; and how much time it gives for the harvesting of it, and for placing it in a state of preservation for the year. My Corn at Kensington was not only planted late, but it was planted in a very bad manner. I having put it in the *paths* between beds of trees, or beds of squashes. The squashes in many instances push their leaves up early as high as the top ears of the corn; and the locust-trees, and ash-trees actually overtopped the corn. Accordingly it was not nearly so fine as the generality of the crop at the farm; but still it was a good crop, and the ears generally full.

I have great pleasure to relate, and I do it by his authority, that SIR THOMAS BEEVOR has made a most successful trial of this Corn. He came to see me at this farm on the very day that I began planting corn, on the seventh or eighth of May last. He said he should like to put a grain or two in his garden. I said, "put your hand into the bag, and help yourself." He took a small parcel into his hand, and put it into his waistcoat pocket. He was then going to SOUTHAMPTON, and could not of course return home into Norfolk for some days. I never heard of the result of his planting, until Sunday last; and, indeed, I had quite forgotten the circumstance of his having taken some corn. He then informed me, that he had planted it in his tree nursery; and that the quantity produced, compared with the extent of the

ground upon which it stood, amounted at the rate of a *hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre*; that is to say, grains of corn separated from the cobb; and this fact he has authorized me publicly to state. SIR THOMAS BEEVOR is a very skilful and diligent cultivator of the land, and singularly successful in all his undertakings of this sort; but, he neglected several things in the cultivation of this plant, which he would not have neglected if he had seen my TREATISE, before he planted. It is his intention, so fully is he convinced of the great benefit which all classes of the community, and, of course, which the nation will derive from the general cultivation of this plant, to plant a field of about ten acres this year, 1829. The field which he intends to employ for the purpose is now in turnips, which are feeding off by sheep, and which would, according to the general custom, be followed by barley. This is an excellent preparation for the corn, to be sure; but the crop of corn will be worth more than any *two crops* of barley that will grow upon the same land. And the land, if the instructions in my Book be followed, which they certainly will be in this particular case—the land, after the corn comes off, will be even richer than it was before the corn was planted. It may be sowed with wheat, or, which is better, it may be followed by another crop of corn, in the manner described by my Book.

It is SIR THOMAS BEEVOR's intention to distribute amongst considerable numbers of labouring men or mechanics in his neighbourhood, certain small quantities of the grains of the corn for seed; to give to each person the same quantity, and to give one, two, or three, or more premiums, proportioned in amount to the greatness of the crop which such person shall produce out of their given number of grains of corn. This may easily be done in the *country* where the giver of the premium can make sure that no unfair play takes place; and it is the best way there; but I cannot do that in this neighbourhood, where it is impossible for me to know but very little, if any thing, of the characters of the parties, and where I can by no means be certain that, in case where poverty so generally presses, and

where the love of strong drink corresponds with the ardour of the thing to be swallowed, that the crop of two or three would not be put into one, in order to obtain the means of having a good drinking bout; and I am resolved that, as far as I am able to prevent it, not one single farthing shall ever go out of my pocket into the pocket of a big brewer.

You are informed, Sir, by a former letter of mine which you had the goodness to insert, that the title-page and table of contents in my "TREATISE ON CORBETT'S CORN" were printed on paper made of the husks of that corn. The next REGISTER; that is to say, the REGISTER that will be published on the tenth of this month, will be printed on *paper made from those husks*. You will find it much about as good as the paper on which the Register has been generally printed; and, if you try it, you will find that it will bear *writing upon* pretty nearly as well as writing-paper in general. In justice, however, to this plant, I must observe, that the materials of which this paper has been made, were applied to the purpose *under every possible disadvantage*. The ears of the corn, owing to my peculiar local situation were got in, in great quantities, and lay a long while before the husks could be taken off. The quantity of husks was so large, that it was impossible to keep them so thinly placed as to prevent them from heating and moulding; so that, when they were sent to the paper-mill, they were in a *half-perished* state, besides being sent in indiscriminately, tails, foot-stalks, husks and all. Circumstances at the mill prevented a careful separation or culling; and thus these husks and foot-stalks, a great part of which had been trampled under foot in the sheds, and was become black with dirt, were turned into paper; and yet that paper you will find to be very far from being bad in colour, and excellent as to toughness and the quality of taking ink well.

I am certain that the husks of this corn, will make as beautiful printing-paper, and even writing-paper, as ever was made from any rags in the world, and much better than can possibly be made from

any other thing, than very fine linen rags. Of the brown paper, or rather olive-coloured paper, made from the *stalks* of the corn, a specimen of that you have, as a wrapper to the bunch of corn which I have now the honour to send to you.

Compare it, Sir, with any thing of the kind you have ever seen before. You will find it as easy to *write* on as any white paper is: what a difference from paper made from this material, and the rugged stuff made from hemp, or old ropes! What a difference from their paper made from corn-stalks, and white-brown stuff, which grocers and others make use of, and which is so easy to tear, while it cannot be written upon at all. The "TREATISE ON COBBETT'S CORN" is, as you are aware, published and sold, *bound in boards*; and all that have been sold of late, have had boards with this olive corn-paper for a covering, and very handsome you will find it to be; and I send you a second book, in order that you may have this further proof before your eyes of the estimable value of the corn-plant.

I beg you to reflect for a moment, Sir, on the vast importance of even this part of the discovery, of which, however, I must not rob Mr. ROWLAND of CHILWORTH, seeing that it was he who first suggested the thought of making the paper out of the husks; and it has also been owing to his enterprise and skill that I have been able to furnish the public with these specimens, which would have been much more complete, and which would have been extended to the whole of my great crop of husks and stalks, if peculiarly adverse circumstances had not controlled the operations of Mr. ROWLAND; and I preferred the foregoing of all the worth of my husks rather than suffer them to go into other hands than those of Mr. ROWLAND. Had it not been for these adverse circumstances, my husks and stalks would this very year have made, at least, a thousand reams of paper; and here I am speaking vastly within compass. Reflect then, Sir, on the vast importance of producing upon our own land the materials for such an immense branch of manufacture! In a very few years all the paper used by grocers, seedsmen, ironmongers, linendrapers, haberdashers,

and, in short all this immense mass of goods, bulky, costly, and yielding a great revenue from a pretty fair and just source, will be made out of the corn-plant. All the stained paper, where toughness is so necessary and rarely now to be found; indeed paper of all sorts, for nothing can be so cheap and nothing can be better.

There are paper-mills all over the country. The farming people will supply these mills; and they will find, that they must take the husks off by degrees when they are dry, in a manner, which I have not now time to describe; for the doing of which there will be time enough hereafter. The farming people and even the labourers will be soon taught how to select and separate the materials; and we shall see the poor man trudging to the paper-mill with his bag of husks, some of which will be culled out for fine paper, some for the middling sort, and some for the coarser sorts.

I have trespassed upon you, Sir, at a much greater length than I intended; but begging you to excuse the liberty I have taken, and to accept of my best wishes that this year, so big with events with regard to PAPER of all sorts, may prove a happy year to you,

I remain,
Your much obliged, and
Most obedient Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

SIGNOR WAITHMAN.

IN the year 1817, when the SIGNOR was playing off his tricks, and just after the "shawl" affair had begun to work upon his political opinions; when he was shuffling, wriggling, and twisting, like a slug with a little hot lime dropped upon its back; when, in short, he was negotiating with the government for that forgiveness, which he now confesses he finally obtained, in part; just at this time, when this celebrated *shoy hoy* was endeavouring to conciliate the friendly feeling of the government by turning political apostate, and by not only abandoning the cause of reform, but by blackening, as far as such a fellow was able, the advocates of that cause; just at this time, when the tricks of this City

mountebank became remarkably prominent in the political proceedings of the day, MAJOR CARTWRIGHT drew up a *show-bill*, with the words "SIGNOR WAITHMAN" at the top of it. The bill, which I am sorry that I have lost, and of which I shall be much obliged to the SIGNOR, or any body else, to give me a copy, I preserved for a long time, and I thought until the other day that I had inserted it in the Register. It contained a brief, but very well-related, history of the SIGNOR's humbug public life, showing how he had got along by trick after trick; and, concluding with *great promises* as to the SIGNOR's future exploits. At the time when the Major gave me this bill, in the manuscript, I first heard the history of the smuggling affair; I first heard the real cause of the SIGNOR's *sham* retirement from public life. The *show-bill* described the great discrimination of the SIGNOR's conjuring wand; and, I remember that it said, "though the *Signor's* wand "will not, by the bare touch, enable "the SIGNOR to discover, whether a "shawl or a pair of gloves be of French "or English manufacture, it enables "him to discover in a moment the precise quantum of liberty and security "which the people would derive from "his having one place under the government, and his son another." This was part of the *show-bill*, or something very much like this. The SIGNOR said the other day, that Mr. HUNT and I, being at Major CARTWRIGHT's, chuckled over the history of the shawls. The SIGNOR's wand deceived him as to the party. The MAJOR did laugh, to be sure, and so did I, at this smuggling story, and at the *sham* retiring from public life, which manifestly formed one condition of the forgiveness. I did chuckle; but not with Mr. HUNT, but with the SIGNOR's friend, SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, who will, I imagine, not have the impudence to deny that he told us at that same time, a thing which he had told me several years before, that WAITHMAN had asked for a place for his son, of LORD GRENVILLE, when the base Whigs were in place in 1807; nay, that he, BURDETT, knew that he

was to have a place for *himself* and son, if the Whigs had continued in power.

The SIGNOR has had a pretty long race of it: by one shift and another he has contrived to get along to an extent that has surprised a great many people. The other day, at the conclusion of the election in the ward of Farringdon Without, knowing that I was not present, and knowing that his speech would stand a chance of insertion in many newspapers, he thought proper to make one of his blackguard, low-lived, crapulous, villainous City attacks upon me. For this I will scourge the SIGNOR; I will make a full and true exhibition of him; and this I will do in the course of a week or two, when I have got together some authentic materials relating to his history and conduct, and calculated to show all mankind, as far as my publication will reach, with what sort of creatures the office of Alderman of London can now be filled. I will exhibit the SIGNOR in his true character and light; and will leave him standing before the public in the light in which he ought always to have appeared.

His conduct at the late election, was as partial as it could possibly be: it was foul in the extreme; and, he well knew how difficult it would be for Mr. HUNT to get the foulness of this conduct exposed. A Mr. THOMPSON, who lives, I believe, in the Ward, has published a letter in the MORNING HERALD, denouncing the SIGNOR for his gross partiality; the same letter was sent to the sulky "Old Times"; but ANNA BRODIE's people have always been connected with the SIGNOR! How the SIGNOR manages this I cannot imagine; for the friendship of these people is apt to be very costly; while poor SIGNOR acknowledges the Shawl affair cost him *five thousand pounds* in hard money; though observe, he has told only a fifth part of the history of that affair, leaving me, I suppose, in order to spare his own modesty, to tell the rest. Nature has done much for the SIGNOR; but by the time he comes out of my hands, I will make all the citizens' wives who look at him exclaim, "*waunst improvements, Ma'am.*" The public will recollect that he positively denied all

preconcert with GALLOWAY as to the steam job; and the public shall see what a barefaced falsehood he told, and that too with the roof of the church over his head. His conduct relative to the Joint-stock Company schemes has been totally lost sight of in the mist, arising from the various breakings and roguery of the day; but here it is that the SIGNOR shines; and therefore, here let him stand in full light before the public. To do this job well, I must have time to look into evidence, and to collect facts from various sources. When I am prepared for the job, I will notify the grand exhibition of the Signor, who, if he ever be again elected a Member of Parliament, shall be so elected with a knowledge of his character possessed by those who vote for him. In the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to any one who will give me more full information, than I now possess relative to the SIGNOR's transactions about the *Equitable Loan* affair, which he opposed. I want some more detailed information about his smuggling transaction; so that I may put him upon record fairly: not tell half a story of him, but tell out the whole at once, and I will warrant him, that I shall convince those newspapers which have inserted his infamous libel upon me, that it is their duty not only to insert my contradiction of that libel, but a true account of the man who had the infamy to utter that libel. To show the bad character of the libeller, is necessary to a full and complete refutation of the libel. The base and bloody OLD TIMES, which called for punishment upon CASHMAN, and which justified the massacre at NISMES, doubtless thinks it proper to insert libels, without allowing the person libelled an opportunity of exposing the libeller; but against the corrupt partiality of this base old thing, the public has now a protection in THE MORNING HERALD, which is fast driving the old devil from its field of detraction and delusion. Adieu, SIGNOR WAITHMAN, till I have had time duly to prepare for you.

DECLINE AND FALL OF BIG O.

(Continued.)

THIS is a subject which must be continued, of course, for some weeks; for I take it, that he will not be quite down before the latter end of February. Then he will be as low as any wretch that ever walked the streets with a good coat to his back. *He will never come to the Parliament*; and he is now laying the ground for a shuffle out of it. He has, for a long time, been making it a sort of condition, that a number of persons should come with him to give eclat to his entrance into the House; and he has always talked of great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen making part of three hundred persons to come and conduct him to the House. He talked just in this way about the persons to compose a mission, at which he was to be at the head; but when the pinch came, all the noblemen and gentlemen declined; and therefore, said he, *I will not go*; since these noblemen and gentlemen think it a matter, not of importance sufficient to induce them to make the trifling sacrifice of leaving home for a week.

Just thus will it be with regard to the taking of the seat; a great number of noblemen and gentlemen will be chosen by the Association to accompany the *Liberator* to ST. STEPHEN'S: they will refuse when the time comes; they will, out of mere modesty, decline the honour intended them by the great Liberator; and he, seeing that he will be left surrounded by nothing but a greedy rabble of his rent-eaters, who would run him up bills in London for claret and champagne, and ices, and all sorts of fine things, to be paid out of the pennies of the miserable creatures of Ireland; seeing this, and trembling at the same time at the thought of St. Margaret's Watch-house, and its neighbouring Treadmill, and Penitentiary, will at once give the whole thing up in disgust; we may then turn down the leaf, and if poetically and theatrically inclined, may exclaim "here poor PHILOMEL gaye up the ghost"! The fellow has not bottom; and the ingenuity and resources of cowardice are innumerable: baffled at one point, it

strikes off instantly for another; and, after all, it ought not to be called cowardice, perhaps, for it will brave a thousand things, which that which is called courage would not dare to look in the face. This political poltroon will never come to England for the purpose of entering the Parliament House; and I will never believe that he ever will set his foot in England again, except, perhaps, to visit his friend BOTT SMITH, at Liverpool, who has had the beastly stupidity to publish the fellow's picture in the newspaper. BOTT is singularly unfortunate in his heroes, BURDETT, CANNING, and O'CONNELL. His first was BURDETT, his second CANNING, and his third was O'CONNELL. CANNING has slipped away from him in the best possible manner for both parties. The other two he has yet upon his hands; and quite worthy they are of BOTT, and BOTT is quite worthy of them.

If any one can have a doubt of the present degradation, and of the approaching fall and extinguishment, of O'CONNELL, the transactions in the Catholic Association of about a week ago would remove that doubt completely. The reader cannot go through these transactions without being convinced that the impostor sees the approach of his fall. Like the Tartuff, he begins to look wildly about him, in order to discover in haste some hole through which to make his retreat. I beg the reader to mark well how the trembling poltroon behaved under the lash of Mr. COPPINGER. It is evident that the whole of the humbug is approaching its end.

"Mr. Conway, in handing another contribution, 5*l.* from a worthy and resident nobleman, Lord Rossmore, moved that the following letter be inserted on the minutes:—

"MY DEAR SIR—I enclose 5*l.*, my winter gift to the Catholic Rent; and congratulate the people, emphatically the *people* of Ireland, upon the letter of the Premier to the Primate, and the many other public circumstances which have latterly contributed to advance the Catholic Cause. As one of your body, I beg to advise temperance and moderation in achieving our now certain triumph.

"Pray state at the next meeting that I shall, in compliance with the request conveyed to me by the Secretary of the Association,

cheerfully form one of the *cortège* attending Mr. O'Connell, to vindicate his right to sit and vote in the Imperial Parliament.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"ROSSMORE.

"Mr. Conway moved the thanks of the Association to Lord Rossmore. His Lordship was one of the few honest and consistent Peers of Ireland; his time, talents, and influence, were devoted to the service of the country.

"Mr. Lawless seconded the motion. He had letters from several Dissenters of the North, enclosing rent, and he begged leave to read them in the consecutive order of their dates, without further preface.

"Mr. Coppinger said he had precedence of Mr. Lawless. He had several letters from New York, and other chief towns of America, some of which only had been read at former meetings.

"Mr. Lawless—I rose first, and first stated my proposition. I certainly shall not relinquish my right in compliment to the last speaker.

"Mr. Coppinger—No one expects courtesy from Mr. Lawless (order). Sir, I stand upon my right, and defer to the Chair.

"The Chairman was of opinion that the right to address the meeting resided in Mr. Lawless.

"Mr. Lawless—I am of that opinion too, and am not in the habit of surrendering my honest convictions to any man.

"Mr. O'Connell suggested the better course, that no letters, taking up the time of the Association, particularly upon that day, should be read by any of the members. He was opposed to the reading of the letters.

"Mr. Coppinger observed, that Mr. O'Connell had also been opposed, on a late occasion, to letters being read, merely because the writer did not assent to his Quixotic expedition of a mission to England.

"Mr. O'Connell—I hope the gentleman may be allowed to deal out his sarcasms. I can bear to be abused.

"Mr. Coppinger—This is Mr. O'Connell's mode of explanation.

"Mr. O'Reilly said both speakers

" should be called to order by the Chair.

" Mr. O'Connell denied that order had been violated by him. There were persons to be found, even among themselves, who took every opportunity to cast reflections and sow distrust. To such a length had some worthy and honourable members gone, that even his integrity had become a matter of discussion. The lodgment of the rent in his name, as a matter of convenience to the Association, had formed a ground of accusation against him, although his own private account was distinguished at the Bank as No. 1, and the public account as No. 2.

" Mr. Coppinger was aware of the set made against him, through Mr. O'Connell's influence, in the Association; and as that gentleman had introduced the subject of the rent, and the manner of its lodgment, he begged to ask from which of the two accounts, designated by the numerals 1 and 2, were the funds to be drawn to support the pageant of Mr. O'Connell's entrance into the House of Commons on the first day of the Session?—(Great confusion, and cries of 'Order, order; Hear, hear.')

" Mr. O'Connell rose amid loud cheers.—He had no objection to answer the question of Mr. Coppinger, whatever might have been his motive for proposing it. The funds of the country, as a matter of justice to himself and to his family, should, of course, be available to that object. His sacrifice of time during the period of term, when his hours might be valued at several pounds sterling, would be, upon his part, sacrifice enough. The noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied him to Parliament would, of course, defray their own expenses, except in the instances of the leading members of the Association, who could not so well afford it.

" Mr. Coppinger—It is clear, then, that the job will cost the rent-payers, among whom are the unsheltered husbandman and sorrowing widow, some fifteen or twenty thousand pounds—(order, order). Under the pretext that a great national object is to be achiev-

ed, the contributions of the patriot people of Ireland are to be squandered in giving pomp and circumstance to Mr. O'Connell's desperate and futile enterprise—(loud calls of 'Order,' and cries of 'Put him down.')

" Mr. O'Connell—It is what I expected. I am not disappointed in Mr. Coppinger. Ingratitude is the crime of Ireland to her public men; and why should I look for any exception in my favour? I have given my country more than thirty years of my life; and it would seem that she now requires from me the sacrifice of my reputation also. *Let her have it. I am willing to descend to my grave naked of even that.*

" The Chairman said he would no longer preside if such gross violations of good feeling and temper were to vitiate their proceedings. He could no longer allow Mr. Coppinger any offensive allusions.

" Mr. Coppinger—Sir, my soul has been wounded and my heart rived by Mr. O'Connell's late allusions to my father, and his taunts upon myself. His reflections had a merely personal reference; my questions, on the contrary, are put upon public grounds, and refer to public measures; it is not for me to consider whom they affect, or where they strike or sting.

" Mr. Conway was sorry the present altercation had been suffered to proceed so long. He had a letter from Lord Blayney.

" Mr. Lawless repeated that he had letters which ranked before that of any Lord in the order of precedence.

" Mr. Conway—I shall be guided by the decision of the Chair. I shall read my letter first, if the Chair permits me.

" The Chairman decided in favour of Mr. Lawless.

" Mr. Conway—Then I shall put my letter in my pocket, and not read it to-day.

" Mr. Lawless—You can *print* it.

" *The Post* does not publish this evening.

" Mr. Lawless—This is your night of publication.

" Mr. Conway—Yes; but, to-day

"being Christmas-day, we published yesterday.

"Mr. O'Reilly objected to this desultory conversation. It had no reference to public business. He thought that, in compliment to Lord Blayney, his Lordship's letter to Mr. Conway should be read.

"Several members were of the same opinion. Mr. Conway, therefore, proceeded to read as follows:—

"Castleblayney, Dec. 23.

"My dear Mr. Conway,—Although your late articles in *The Evening Post*, do not violate the confidence of my communications, yet it appears to me, who am a little jealous of my public character, that you have gone a little too far, as regards my opinions of the Church Establishment. Pray take some public opportunity, either in *The Post*, or at the Association, of removing the impression that I regard our Ecclesiastical Constitution with *abhorrence*—use a lighter word, explaining the first away. I have been very unwell, and unable to discuss with you on paper, your late metaphysical propositions. Believe me to be always yours, my dear friend,

"BLAYNEY."

"Mr. Conway said (closing the letter at the same time) that the object of Lord Blayney, in addressing him the letter he had just read, was—

"Mr. Ford—I beg pardon of Mr. Conway. He has not read the *whole* of the letter in question.

"Mr. Conway insisted that he had.

"Mr. Ford contended that he had not. His eyes accidentally glanced upon the letter, being next to Mr. Conway while he read it, and he certainly saw several additional lines in the form of a postscript.

"Mr. Conway—In the form of a quirk or quibble.

"Mr. Ford—I don't quibble, Sir, although I am a professional man.

"Mr. Lawless—This is sharp sight, if not sharp practice.

"Mr. Ford—I will suffer no insinuation.

"Mr. O'Connell—But I wish the gentlemen would suffer something else. I wish they would suffer the business to proceed.

"Mr. Conway—The letter is a private letter; and I have given publicity to as much of it as I thought

necessary. The postscript is an invitation to Castleblayney.

"Mr. Ford—Yes. I saw something about anchovy toast, port wine, and a social winter evening.

"Mr. Dwyer thought that one passage of Lord Blayney's letter contained a strong reflection upon Mr. Conway's discretion.

"Mr. Conway—I have settled that with the Lord himself.

"Mr. O'Connell—Order. I cannot think this proceeding in character with the Association or with the sanctity of the day. There is a deal of rent to be handed in, and I do now move the Chair that we confine ourselves to its receipt, and that we afterwards adjourn, without prejudice to specific motions, until Tuesday.

"The rent for the week was announced to be 647*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*"

I beg the reader to mark the preparations which the impostor is making for his final exposure and fall. Here are all his canting professions about love of country blown to the air in a moment; and, seeing himself detected, he begins, like all other impostors of the same description, to complain of the "*ingratitude of the country*." Of Ireland, he says, "*ingratitude to her public men is her crime*." The contrary of this is almost her crime: if the poor Catholics of Ireland had never given Grattan forty thousand pounds of their money, he never would have had an opportunity of being the author of a bill, to shut them up in their houses from sun-set, to sun-rise; and, as a punishment of fifteen minutes' absence, transportation for seven years, without judge or jury. The late Grattan was the author and inventor of this bill; and this man received about forty thousand pounds from the poor and oppressed Catholics of Ireland. The fault of Irishmen (and it is almost a crime) is, the lending of a willing ear to every noisy, and what they call eloquent impostor. This brawler has had more success in deceiving them, than any man that ever lived before him; but at last, grown hardy by success; taught by experience, that no delusion, no imposture, was too gross, he pro-

ceeded till he came in *contact with the Law*. If he had carried on a sham election for Clare; if he had made it a matter of joke at the close of the election; if he had adopted some quirk which would have afforded ground for returning the other member, and shutting him out, notwithstanding his majority; he might still have carried on the imposture; but, the vanity of the fellow would not suffer him to do this; the devil and he must need frank letters together; and this has blowed him up, like the frog, and precisely like the frog; except, in O'CONNELL's case, there was political fraud as well as personal vanity.

But, it is in character of **TREASURER OF THE RENT**; it is in this very ticklish character that the political Tartuffe now has to defend himself. There is a newspaper in Dublin, called the **DUBLIN MORNING POST**; it was the property of a very honest and able gentleman of the name of **LONERGAN**, who died some time ago, leaving the proprietorship of the paper to his widow, who, I understand, has a family to maintain and bring up. The late Mr. **LONERGAN**, opposed O'CONNELL in all his mischievous proceedings, and particularly in his perfidious conduct in 1825, when he proposed to give salaries to the priests, to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders, and for undermining, in fact, that Catholic Religion, to which Mr. **LONERGAN** belonged. To obtain revenge upon this gentleman, the impostor set up a newspaper of his own, and did every thing in his power to destroy the property of Mr. **LONERGAN**, whom he has continued to pursue with all possible bitterness, in the persons of his widow and his children. Not, however, subdued by his cowardly hostility, the **DUBLIN MORNING POST** has continued to assail him: it has borne his tyranny with great fortitude, has seldom missed an opportunity of setting him forth in his true light, and, has at last laid fast hold of him as *Treasurer of the rent*. That it has not laid hold of him in a very feeble manner, the reader is now going to see, in a letter at the head of which the writer has placed fragments of two speeches made in the Association. Much it will not be neces-

sary to say, in the way of comment, upon this exposure; but some little matter I shall say when I have inserted it.

"Although there is an account of the *Receipts*, let me tell you, Gentlemen, that there is no account of the *Disbursements*—nothing of the kind is published; NOT A MAN AT THIS MOMENT KNOWS THE BALANCE ON HANDS"!!!—*Vide, Counsellor Walsh's Speech at the Association, on Monday, 15th December instant.*

"It was thrown out against him (Mr. O'Connell) that the money was lodged in the Hibernian Bank in his (Mr. O'Connell's) name. To his utter surprise he had been informed of the fact a short time before, in the course of conversation; but it was needless to say that it did not mix up with his money, and that he never drew a draft for it."—*Vide, Mr. O'Connell's Speech on the same day.*

TO THE

Editor of the Dublin Morning Post.

"SIR,—When the above disclosures burst into light, I, as an humble individual, puzzled at seeing a national fund so treated, requested that the veil might be raised which concealed the mysteries of its management, and that a candid answer would be given to the fair question, 'What has been done with the Catholic Rent?'

"I am sorry that Mr. O'Connell treats the question as if it were an attack upon himself, and replies, that he is 'case-hardened,' and that he 'likes to be abused;' I am sorry for this, because the manner in which a sacred public fund is kept and disposed of, ought always be candidly told—the public has a right to be told, but the right would be worth nothing if inquiry be treated as an offence, or if it is broadly hinted that the inquiry is disagreeable.

"But however disagreeable such questions may be, yet they ought to be answered, for it cannot be expected that people will be content to remain in the dark, and continue to give their money without knowing for what. Mr. O'Connell has been, during the last three years and upwards, the only Treasurer of the Catholic Rent—no one appointed him Treasurer but himself, and now he abuses any one who asks him a question about it, and if any one says a word he calls it

“ ‘ludicrous slander.’ The people, for
 “ want of facts, have nothing but con-
 “ jectures, and different rumours are
 “ afloat, some very agreeable, if true,
 “ and some others which are, if true,
 “ very unpleasant—indeed worse than
 “ unpleasant. Some of Mr. O’Connell’s
 “ friends say, that although it was very
 “ indelicate in him to snatch the control
 “ of the Rent to himself alone, without
 “ any body’s leave, yet that he has made
 “ amends for so doing by his taking bet-
 “ ter care of the money than any one
 “ else would, and that as a sign of this,
 “ there is now a balance of from twenty
 “ to five-and-twenty thousand pounds,
 “ after paying lawyers, attorneys, Rent
 “ Gazettes, and all other expenses.
 “ Others say that there is neither twenty
 “ nor five-and-twenty thousand pounds
 “ of balance on hands—whilst a few
 “ enthusiasts would almost swear that
 “ there are more. But there are other
 “ rumours of a very opposite kind.
 “ rumours of a kind to frighten a man,
 “ even if he were as strong as Goliath, or
 “ as brave as Mr. O’Connell himself;
 “ and these rumours are, that there is
 “ no balance at all—that the BALANCE
 “ IS GONE!!—or that the balance, if any
 “ there be, is on the wrong side of the
 “ book!! Seriously, Sir, the money
 “ for which the peasant was stinted, the
 “ money which frequently kept the pea-
 “ sant from enjoying salt with his potato,
 “ has been *wasted*—PROFLIGATELY
 “ WASTED. I do not say, nor do I
 “ believe any one who would say, that
 “ Mr. O’Connell has “mixed” the
 “ money with his own—justice must be
 “ done,—I care not for what is said about
 “ his necessities or his avarice.—There is
 “ no charge—there is not even an idea
 “ of the kind; and Mr. O’Connell’s
 “ assertion that the money did not ‘mix’
 “ with his own, was useless, except for
 “ the purpose of answering a charge that
 “ was really ‘ludicrous,’ and avoiding
 “ to answer a charge that is now very
 “ general. It was only of use to *avoid*
 “ this, which is the charge that ought to
 “ be met, viz.,—That the Catholic Rent
 “ has been RECKLESSLY SQUANDERED—
 “ not to support the ‘cause,’ but to sup-
 “ port Mr. O’Connell’s own individual

“ political influence! That it has been
 “ laid out in purchasing praises and puffs
 “ for himself, and abuse against others
 “ —that it has been paid to open or to
 “ stop the mouths of his adherents,
 “ according as HE required, and to
 “ enlist, and keep, and feed, a corps
 “ of partisans, who, knowing that they
 “ were retained at HIS will, were
 “ bound to HIS service; this is the
 “ charge. Let Mr. O’Connell not
 “ pretend to mistake it. And now I
 “ ask, how much has all this cost? Has
 “ it swept away the whole of the Ca-
 “ tholic Rent? Is it all gone? Did the
 “ golden shower fall, as it were, *into a*
 “ *sieve*, and *vanish as it came*? It is
 “ reported that within the three years
 “ of Mr. O’Connell’s Treasurership, the
 “ *drafts* actually *ran races* with the *col-*
 “ *lections*, and often won! That is,
 “ sometimes the drafts got to the Bank
 “ *before* the money was there to meet
 “ them!! It is further reported, that
 “ now, at the end of upwards of three
 “ years of Mr. O’Connell’s Treasurer-
 “ ship, the only fund of Catholic Rent
 “ existing is the old fund of thirteen
 “ thousand pounds, which was preserved
 “ in the good old times, when there were
 “ three Treasurers, Messrs. Mahon,
 “ M’Loughlin, and Lynch; thanks to
 “ whose care and integrity, that fund,
 “ over which Mr. O’Connell had *no*
 “ *control*, yet remains sacred to the
 “ objects for which it was destined.
 “ That of the large sums raised within
 “ the last three years, scarcely any thing
 “ is now on hands! and that the Trea-
 “ surer has to begin the world again
 “ with empty pockets!! This, I say,
 “ demands explanation; and, instead of
 “ this there is abuse—there is quibble
 “ —there is evasion; and Mr. Connell,
 “ who seized the Treasurership in the
 “ year 1825, now, in the year 1828,
 “ says that he forgot the circumstance,
 “ and endeavours to shift the responsi-
 “ bility from himself to another, who is
 “ now called forward to take his em-
 “ ployer’s responsibility upon himself!!
 “ But let us see the way in which Mr.
 “ O’Connell tells the story—

“ It was suggested that the Rent should be
 “ transferred to a separate account, No. 2, in

his (Mr. O'Connell's) name, in the Hibernian Bank, and at that time he gave Mr. Dwyer a letter, authorizing him to draw cheques in his name. When he gave the letter, he supposed it was only done for the moment, and the matter entirely escaped his recollection. The letter never once occurred to him until in the conversation he had mentioned, when he happened to ask in whose name was the BALANCE standing; although it was in his name; the account was quite separate and apart from his own private account in the Hibernian Bank. He never drew any of the cheques; it was Mr. Dwyer alone who drew them.—*Vide* Mr. O'Connell's speech at the Association, on Tuesday the 23d instant.

"Pretty work, even if true! Mr. O'Connell three years Treasurer without knowing it, although he admits that he knew it when it happened, and who could know it sooner? In his former speech he said that he never drew a draft for the money; now he admits that he did, but it was by proxy, authorized by his own letter, which he says he forgot! and he was three years without seeing that his proxy drafts were drawn every day, and that often before his face! Is all this to be believed? is it to be believed that a man who, in public and in private, abroad and at home, for the last three years, heard and said nothing but Rent, Rent, Rent, never knew all the time where the Rent was! although it was lodged in his own name, and distributed by his own authority! Oh! if a witness were to tell this story at Nisi Prius, and that Mr. O'Connell was the cross-examiner, how he would laugh! how he would gibe! how slyly he would wink at the Jury, and call the witness Non mi Ricordo, and all sorts of names! And every one would admit that for once the gibes were deserved, and every one would scout the evi- and call it a cock-and-a-bull story.

"It is clear that explanation is now more than ever necessary. Let Mr. O'Connell candidly tell what is done with the Catholic Rent; let him abuse as he likes, but let him answer the question.

"I am, Sir,

"A RENT PAYER."

"December 24th, 1828.

This is as nice a blister-plaster as ever was stuck upon the back of political impostor. It is now coming out, as I always said it would, that the whole of the money was spent in services tending to gratify the stupid ambition and most ridiculous vanity of this man. His avarice, too, is by no means to be overlooked. Mr. RONAYNE has well exposed him upon this score; and not one word has he or any of his creatures offered in reply. The rent has been sweated to feed all his political dependents; and now it is to be sweated to bring over a set of drunkards and gluttons to be his followers and train-bearers to the watch-house of St. MARGARET'S Parish, or to the Tread-mill in the Parish of St. JOHN; for, as to his being received in any other place, that is wholly out of the question.

This O'DWYER was the creature that he employed to move for the expulsion of the Register from the rooms of the Association; and very recently he raised this man's salary from two hundred to four hundred pounds a year, as *Secretary* to the Association! Such profligacy and impudence were never heard of before: no ministry that we ever heard of, were ever a thousandth part so barefaced as this man and his creatures; and he has collected this Rent observe, by a mixture of wheedling and of threats; for, he established a regulation, that in all the parishes, the names of all Catholics should be posted up in the chapels; and that, against every name, the sum stated that the party had subscribed; so that men were afraid not to subscribe, and are yet afraid not to subscribe, dreading the consequences of the denunciations and anathemas of the Association, of which even the priests themselves have stood in awe; and they, above all men living, ought to wish to see, and must wish to see, this political impostor and tyrant overthrown.

We now have to view this rare impostor in another light; namely, as a *parliamentary reformer*, which he professed himself to be when he was standing as a MEMBER for CLARE, which profession he has since recanted, and which recantation has been the cause of that

overthrow which is speedily going to consign him to the contempt of the world. He recanted in order to conciliate BURDETT, BROUGHAM, and the WHIGS: he found that they shunned him still; and like CRANMER (no bad prototype of O'CONNELL) he has shown half a mind to re-recant. But, still clinging to the hope of conciliating the Whigs and to creep into power by their means, he has kept aloof from the question of reform: he has endeavoured to conciliate both parties; but he has not dared to pledge his Association or himself to the cause of reform.

Perceiving the drift of all his tricks and contrivances, Mr. BLAKE FOSTER, a member of the Association, seems to have been resolved to put him to the test upon this point; and for that purpose, on some day a little before the 17th of December, he offered to the Association a distinct proposition upon the subject of parliamentary reform. The motion was this, "*That it is the received opinion of the Catholics of Ireland, that a Petition praying for Parliamentary Reform, should be presented to the House of Commons.*" No soul seconded the resolution; not even that furious reformer, "honest JACK LAWLESS"! And, in this way the motion was got rid of; but not without some most curious debating; and in this curious debating, my readers will see how correct I was in describing the character and views of these emancipating Catholics; and how right the Radicals were in joining the Brunswickers in blasting the hopes of these impostors. I beg the reader to go through the short speech of Mr. BLAKE FOSTER with attention; and then to observe on the shocking shuffling and quibbling of BIG O, and his subsidized crew. Here they are all exhibited in their true colours; and here are Mr. HUNT's charges against O'CONNELL and LAWLESS made out to the very letter.

"Mr. BLAKE FOSTER said he rose to submit a very important question. The principle cannot be disputed, that, in an aggregate meeting of Catholics, any individual, however humble, has a right to submit to the meeting any

petition for its adoption. He held in his hand a petition, which would require great talent and mature deliberation to speak to; but to speak to this question without either of these advantages, was to him a cause of great concern. He stood there as a plain country-gentleman, from a distant part of the country, and, although not accustomed to address large assemblies, he took a deep interest in the question, having a stake by no means small in the property of the country. This was the most important meeting he ever had the honour of addressing, whether he considered their numbers and respectability, or the objects that would engage their attention. It now turns out that the Catholics, after suffering years of persecution, are increasing in wealth, respectability, and numbers; there could be no doubt but Emancipation would be carried eventually; but in order to serve Ireland, they should throw their eyes beyond the question of Emancipation; at no distant period they should petition for a repeal of the Union; however, at present they might content themselves by seeking a reform in the representation; both were capable of attainment. He did not expect from the present Administration, any unqualified Bill of Emancipation. Still, bad as were their prospects—Wellington in one hand wielding the base borough-system, and in the other the patronage of the Horse Guards—he did not despond. For the last twenty-five years, you have been cheated by every successive Administration. He did not care what party or principles they were, whether they went by the name of Whig or Tory, when in office, their object was official plunder. He did not think they could select a better opportunity for bringing forward the petition which he held in his hand; it was short, still it embraced every topic that was necessary. What avail would Emancipation be if unaccompanied by Parliamentary Reform? A reform in the representation would strike at the root of the evil. Suppose such a bill, as it is said is in contemplation,

“ were to pass next Session, what would
 “ be the result? Lord Ffrench, his brother-in-law, Lord Killeen, and a few
 “ others, might be amongst the Representative Peers, and twenty of the
 “ aristocracy would get into the House of Commons; here the benefit would
 “ cease. Would the *borough-system* cease? On the contrary, *it would increase*: only let a Catholic Member
 “ into Parliament and he would compound for the purchase of places and
 “ boroughs. Catholic Emancipation if not accompanied by reform, *will be the means of increasing rather than diminishing the corrupt system*, without some amelioration of the sufferings
 “ of the people; without a repeal of the tithe-system, Emancipation will do
 “ nothing. He would prove that the state of the representation was the cause of
 “ all the miseries that afflicted the country; 150 Peers, English and
 “ Scotch, return 300 to the Imperial House—a few Commoners, 200 Members. In any great question (take for
 “ instance the repeal of the Property Tax, in 1814) where a majority was to
 “ be gained, the Minister had only to secure the interest of about twenty-five
 “ individuals. Their question could not be made a Cabinet measure, without
 “ consulting the Lords Lonsdale and Newcastle; they put the Duke of
 “ Wellington in his present situation. *They should make an alliance with the reformers*; assist them in their
 “ endeavours to purify the representation. Then the country will be a great
 “ and glorious nation; or, as Mr. O’Connell says, ‘Great, glorious, and free—
 “ first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.’ Mr. Foster was about to read
 “ the petition, which he would call on the meeting to adopt, when

“ The Secretary observed, that the regular course would be, to move a resolution to adopt the petition.

“ The Gentleman then moved the following resolution:—‘*That it is the received opinion of the Catholics of Ireland, that a petition, praying for Parliamentary Reform, should be presented from this meeting to the House of Commons.*’

“ No person having seconded the resolution, it was not put from the Chair.

“ Mr. Corballis brought forward a resolution, declaratory of the principles upon which they were to proceed.
 “ Mr. Waddy seconded it.

“ Mr. Foster moved as an amendment, that the petition he held in his hand should be received, upon which he would take the sense of the Meeting. His was the straightforward course; *any other was only deluding the people*. He would not wish it to go to the reformers in England, that the question of reform should be *scouted in this Meeting*.

“ Mr. O’Gorman rose to order—Mr. Blake’s motion fell to the ground for want of a seconder. It could not be again brought forward.

“ Mr. Foster contended that it was his right to move an amendment on any resolution.

“ Mr. Maurice O’Connell said, that a Mr. Foster had submitted a specific proposition, which was not adopted by the Meeting. He could not bring forward the question a second time. He now wants to *father* on the Meeting a resolution which they already **REJECTED**. He would call on the Chair to decide, whether by any dexterity, *for it is dexterity*, it can be again brought forward.

“ Lord Killeen appealed to the Secretary, to decide the point of order.

“ Mr. Secretary O’Gorman—It was quite settled, that a matter which could not be carried by direct means, ought not to be brought forward in an indirect manner. He considered the present amendment was sought to be carried indirectly, which it was quite plain could not be carried in a direct manner.

“ Mr. Foster said, the question, that the petition should be adopted, was not brought forward; however, his object was equally attained, *by its being rejected*.

“ Mr. O’Connell—*Not rejected*; it fell to the ground for want of a seconder!!!!

“ Mr. Foster—That was more of the delusion.”

Pray reader mark the shuffle of the O'CONNELLS. Mr. FOSTER says, "It will go forth, then, that the Association have rejected the motion for Parliamentary Reform." "Oh no; not rejected," says the father; "it fell to the ground for want of a seconder." Mr BLAKE FOSTER wishes to put the motion again as an amendment upon another: "Oh no," says O'CONNELL the son, "you shall not father upon the Meeting a resolution which it has already rejected!" Between the two, we discover as much insincerity and foul play as could possibly be engendered in two such heads.

Thus, then, is settled the question between the Reformers and the Catholic Association of Ireland. The poor, mean, dirty Association in England have long since declared against us; and now we have an explicit declaration from the Association in Ireland. O'CONNELL says, that the motion fell to the ground for want of a seconder. Why did he not second it, if he was a radical reformer, as he declared himself to be at Clare. And where was Mr. LAWLESS, who has quarrelled with half the world, because they were hostile to the cause of Reform? and where was Mr. SHEIL, who, on Penenden Heath, declared most solemnly to Mr. HUNT that he was a radical reformer! We now know what this Association is in this respect, and we have to congratulate ourselves, that we were not deceived by them on PENENDEN HEATH, and that we knew them to be that which Mr. Foster has proved them to be.

I now quit BIG O, for the present; but I shall continue to record his progress down until he become as despicable in the eyes of the people of Ireland, as he is in the eyes of those in this country.

VERY CURIOUS.

A CORRESPONDENT, under the name of a "Suffolk Farmer's Wife," has sent me the following curious and interesting letter, which I will first insert, and then make my remarks upon it.

"January 1, 1829.

"SIR,—I am frequently in the habit of seeing and hearing your Register, as well as your other publications. Your work on English Gardening I much approve, and shall, of course, recommend. With many of your opinions, on general topics, I quite agree; but there is one on which I must be allowed to differ; namely, on the value of the potato for common use. Now when I enter a cottage and see a hot mess of these roots smoking on the table, in the midst of poor shivering children, it conveys to me the idea of a more comfortable meal than the allowance of cold dry bread. However, we will not discuss this point on which we are at variance; but I wish to direct your attention to the flour, which may be obtained from this root. I have enclosed you a sample of it, and will just state my mode of preparing it.—Six pounds of potatoes, when washed and pared, were grated into a cullender, placed in a pan of water; the farina passing through, whilst the fibrous part remained at the bottom of the cullender. This was frequently emptied out, that the other might not be impeded in its passage. It was then left twenty-four hours, after which the water was poured off; a good deal of the fibre was floating in it, whilst the flour remained a firm cake at the bottom. I repeated the change of water, until I saw it free from colour: it was then dried slowly and passed through a sieve. The produce of the six pounds was three-quarters of a pound; but I think I wasted it too much by using too fine a sieve. I tried the use of it in bread by taking a quarter of a pound of it, and mixing with it two-thirds of wheat-flour. In taste, I perceived no difference; in appearance, the texture of the loaf seemed finer; and I am inclined to think it absorbs more moisture in the making. This is thought an advantage; but, perhaps, a more important one is the statement of SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, "that flour, thus produced, will keep good thirty years."—Should this little

"account raise the potato in your estimation, it will answer the purpose I wish; as your opinion has some weight with the public, and, in many cases, I wish it had more.

"A SUFFOLK FARMER'S WIFE."

ANSWER.

Barn-Elm Farm, 2nd January, 1829.

MADAM,

CONSIDERING that it is the childish fashion of the day for a man never to express an opinion in opposition to that of a woman (unless she happen to be poorer than himself), I thank you for giving me an opportunity of showing that I am able to exercise this sort of independence and justice, without the risk of giving offence; it being to be presumed impossible that so sensible a person, as you appear to be, should be offended at my making it appear that you have pointed out to me the means of discovering your errors. For I shall presently show you that this very experiment which affords so strong a presumption in favour of your industry, skill, and humanity, amounts to a proof that my opinions, long ago promulgated, relative to the potato, are perfectly correct. The flour, which you have had the goodness to send me, is, I dare say, in its application, precisely that which you described. It is very white; it is perfectly dry; it has, indeed, the feel of starch, coarse hair powder, or something between that and pounce; but this is of no consequence at all: it is to the quantity of nutritive matter that we are to look, and not to the mere appearance or feel of the thing.

You say, that when you enter a cottage, and "see a hot mess of these roots smoking on the table in the midst of poor shivering children, it conveys to me the idea of a more comfortable meal, than the allowance of cold dry bread." The thought is a thought of benevolence; not, however, totally unmingled with a little poetry; for, it does not follow from any thing that I have ever said upon the subject, that if potatoes be not used, there is nothing to be in the house but cold dry bread. What I have contended for is this, not that

potatoes may not be with propriety used as mere garden-stuff, by people who have plenty of meat and bread; but that it is bad economy in all persons who have not more money than they know not well what to do with, to use them as a substitute for bread. I have always contended upon the ground of chemical processes performed by a gentleman, upon whom I can safely rely, that potatoes, taken skin and all, contained only one pound in ten of farinaceous matter; or, in other words, one-tenth part of nutritious matter. According to your experiment, potatoes contain (if you weighed them BEFORE you washed and pared them) three-quarters of a pound of flour to six pounds of rough potatoes; and this is one-eighth part of the whole; but you will please to observe, that I by no means agree that this flour is equally nutritious pound for pound, with that of wheat, or indeed of any other grain; and this, you yourself seem to admit for you did not venture to try to make bread or pudding, or any thing else with it, until you had mixed it with two-thirds of the flour of grain.

But, suppose that we were to admit that your six pounds of potatoes were weighed before they were washed and pared; and supposing us also to admit, the potato-flour to be equally nutritious, pound for pound, with that of wheat. This is giving all possible advantage to your opinion upon the subject. Now, then, leaving nothing to dispute as to the premises, let us proceed to the comparison. First, then, suppose the potatoes to cost on an average, per bushel, a fifth part as much as the wheat; and, to poor people and the general run of tradespeople they cost much more. If, then, the wheat be ten shillings a bushel, the potatoes will be two shillings a bushel. A bushel of potatoes will weigh 56 lbs.; and, supposing you to have made your experiment upon rough potatoes, weighed before they were pared and washed, your bushel of potatoes would yield you, according to your own experiment, $7\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of flour; so that you have your $7\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of flour for two shillings. A bushel of wheat, weighing from fifty-eight to sixty pounds, will make, taking out only

the bran, fifty-two pounds of flour; it will hardly be contended that the potato flour is *better*, at any rate, than this flour of the wheat; so that you have for your two shillings laid out for potatoes, seven and a quarter pounds of flour; and for your ten shillings laid out in wheat, you have fifty-two pounds. Your potato-flour will cost you *three-pence-farthing and the fourth of a farthing per pound*, and the wheat-flour will cost you *twopence-farthing and the fourth of a farthing per pound*.

This is the true state of the case; and I have supposed every thing in favour of your opinion and theory. But, we have yet to deal, my dear Lady, with the labour and expense of getting the $7\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of flour from the bushel of potatoes. In the case of the wheat, the *bran* well pays the expense of the grinding and dressing; and there you have the fifty-two pounds of flour, without any slop, without any messing, without any siftings, without any gratings, without any dryings or any dabbings; and I do verily believe that the seven pounds and a quarter of potato-flour are not to be got from the bushel of potatoes, without more than an expense of two shillings, including fire, labour, and the wear and tear of the divers utensils necessary in the process.

If we were to carry our inquiries further, and compare the produce of an acre of wheat, with that of an acre of potatoes; were to notice the difference of the wheat-straw and the halm of the potatoes; were to observe, with what safety and ease the wheat is kept, and how laborious and ticklish an affair it is to take up and preserve potatoes, all the pleasing thoughts about the "hot mess and the smoking on the table" soon vanish from our minds, and we should want nothing further to convince us that the potato can never be cherished as a general article of food, except by those who are doomed to live only one degree better than, if indeed quite so well as the common run of the brute creation.

If such be the case in comparison with wheat and wheat-flour, what are we to say, when we institute the comparison between potato-flour and that of CORN! But this would lead me further than my limits will at present

allow; and, therefore, I conclude with repeating my thanks to you for your ingenious communication and experiment, and with expressing my wish that researches like these occupied a large part of that time, which ladies (and I am sure that you are worthy of the name) in general waste away in reading novels, and in other such frivolous and useless pursuits, which render them much less esteemed by men than they otherwise would be. I am, Madam,

Your much obliged, and
Most humble, and obedient Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

UPWARDS OF £53,000 ANNUALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE REVENUE BY ONE INDIVIDUAL.—Mr CLEMENT, the Proprietor of *The Morning Chronicle*, who possesses the largest Newspaper Establishment in London, paid last year, between January 1 and December 31, 1828, for Stamp and Excise Duties for that Journal and his three Weekly Papers, no less than *Fifty-three Thousand and Five Hundred Pounds*. The number of fourpenny stamps (which is the red mark at the corner of every paper), was two millions seven hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.* The quantity of paper used was 5,471 reams; each ream weighed 40lbs.; the Excise duty on which was 10s. the ream. The number of Advertisements inserted in Mr. CLEMENT'S Papers in the year, was 29,633, the duty upon each Advertisement being 3s. 6d. Thus, the sums paid to the Revenue by Mr. CLEMENT'S Newspaper concern, in the past year of 1828, were,

2,735,868 News Stamps . . .	£45,597 15 0
Duty on 29,633 Advertisements, at 3s. 6d	5,185 15 6
Excise on 5,471 Ream of Paper, at 10s.	2,735 10 0
	£53,519 0 6

* Mr. Clement's consumption being more than *one-tenth* part of the Stamps used by all the Newspapers printed in England; of which there are printed in London 49, and in the country 151, together of Daily and Weekly Journals 200, consuming, according to the Parliamentary Return, about Twenty-five Millions of Fourpenny Stamps.